The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor. BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1873. Vol. I. No. 28.

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Bloomfield.

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Rev. Mr. DONNER, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday School, 2½ P. M. Services Friday 7½ P. M.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMFORTER, WATSESSING.
Services Sunday, 4 P. M.; Sunday School 2½ P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—BROAD STREET.
Rev. Mr. STILLWELL, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—BLOOMFIELD PARK.
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Rev. Dr. ROCKWELL, Pastor. Sunday services at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M. Young People's Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 8 P. M.

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Rev. Mr. BURNS, Pastor. Sundays services at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday school at 2½ P. M.

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Sunday School and Bible Classes at ——. P. M. Sundays. Also preaching at 7½ P. M.

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Rev. J. ROMEYN BERRY, D. D., Pastor. Services Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

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Rev. A. H. BRADFORD, Pastor. 11 and 7½.

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Rev. J. B. HARRISON, Pastor. 10½

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Rev. TITUS JOSLYN, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

BLOOMFIELD LODGE, No. 40, A. F. & A. M.
Meets in Masonic Hall, Railroad Ave, 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month. Jno. F. Folsom, W. M.; J. A. Pressler, S. W.; J. Banks Reford, J. W.; Chas. B. Peck, Sec'y.

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, No. 51, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Wednesday evening over Hargraves & Hayes's Hardware store.

BLOOMFIELD DIVISION, No. 47, S. OF T.
Meets on Wednesday evenings in Unangst Hall.

ENTERPRISE COUNCIL, No. 38, O. U. A. M.
Meets Friday evenings in Unangst Hall.

—— L. OF G. T., No. ——.
Meets Monday evenings in Unangst Hall.

EVERGREEN ENCAMPMENT, No. ——, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Morgan Hall, Glenridge, 1st Tuesday in each month. Pres. P. W. Lyon; V. P. J. W. Chalmers; Treas. D. G. Garrabrant. Cor. Sec. J. B. Maxfield. Rec. Sec. E. Oakes.

Reading Room open daily from 2 to 9½ P. M.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

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Overseer of Poor, W. R. Hall.
Constables, C. B. Haff, S. E. Perry, N. B. Adams, M. Davis.

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Office open from 6 1-2 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M.

Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western close and arrive as follows:—

TIME OF CLOSING.	TIME OF ARRIVAL.
7 A. M., and 3 P. M.	8 A. M. and 5.45 P. M.

The mails connect at Newark with the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and through Southern, both morning and afternoon.

Foreign mails close at 3 P. M. on the day previous to the sailing of steamer.

Stamped envelopes and news-wrappers are sold to the public.

HORACE DODD, P. M.

MONTCLAIR POST OFFICE.

Office open from 6 o'clock A. M., to 8 P.M.

Mails from New York, Northern, Eastern and Western close and arrives as follows:—

TIME OF CLOSING.	TIME OF ARRIVAL.
6.45 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.	9 A. M. and 6 P. M.

The mails connect at Newark with the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and through Southern, both morning and afternoon.

Foreign mails close at 2.45 P. M. on the day previous to the sailing of steamer.

Stamped envelopes and news-wrappers are sold to the public.

J. C. DOREMUS, P. M.

N. B. & M. H. C R. R.

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873.

LEAVE BLOOMFIELD, Belleville Avenue, every half hour from 6 30 A. M. to 9 P. M., and at 10 and 11 P. M.

☞ The last car from Depot at Mt. Prospect Ave. to Newark leaves at 10 30 P. M.

LEAVE NEWARK, Broad and Market Sts, every half hourr from 7 54 A. M to 6 54 P. M., and at 7 54, 8 54 and 9 54 P. M.

NEW YORK MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement, Taking Effect June 23, 1873.

MONTCLAIR DIVISION.

GOING EAST.

Leave Pompton 6 53, A. M. Arrive Montclair 7 35; Bloomfield 7 41; Newark 7 49; New York 8 25.

Leave Pompton 7 57 A. M., on arrival of train from Ringwood. Arrive at Watchung 8 37; Montclair 8 41; Bloomfield 8 46; Newark 8 54; New York 9 30.

Leave Montclair 7 14, A. M.; Bloomfield 7 18; Newark 7 26; New York 8 00.

Leave Montclair 9 36, A. M.; Newark 9 46; New York 10 20.

Leave Pompton Jun. 1 23, P. M.; Mountain View 1 45 Little Falls 1 55; Montclair 2 19; Bloomfield 2 26; Newark 2 35; New York 3 Do.

Leave Montclair 4 30 P. M.; arrive Bloomfield 4 43; Newark 4 50; New York 5 40

GOING WEST.

Leave New York 8 A. M.; arrive at Arlington 8 46; Newark 8 54; Bloomfield 9 00; Montclair 9 04.

Leave New York 4 00 P. M., arriving at Newark 4 36; Bloomfield 4 43; Montclair 4 46; connecting with Ulster County Express for Newfoundland, Middletown, and intermediate stations arriving at Franklin 6 18; Deckertown 6 33; Unionville 6 50; Middletown 7 22; Ellenville 8 38.

Leave New York 4 40 P. M.; Jersey City 4 50; Arlington 5 12; Newark 5 17 Bloomfield 5 25; Montclair 5 30; Little Falls 5 52; Pompton Plains 6 11; Pompton 6 17.

Leave New York 5 30 P. M.; Arlington 6 02; Newark 6 07; Bloomfield 6 16; Montclair 6 20; Watchung 6 23; Leave New York 6 20 P. M.; Newark 6 59; Bloomfield 7 07; Montclair 7 11.

Additional trains leave Mountain View for Pompton and Ringwood at 8 15 A. M. and 3 P. M., arriving at Ringwood at 9 50 A. M. and 4 30 P. M., and Monks at 4 45 P. M.

Passenger Depots in New York foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets and Jersey City.

General Freight, Ticket, and Commutatoin Offices 111 Liberty St., New York.

Freight received at Pier 23, N. R., and 16 Exchange Place, Jersey City.

WM. H. WEED, General Ticket Agent, 111 Liberty St, New York.

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Professional and Business Cards.

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(SOPRANO)
PUPIL OF SIGNOR A. BARILI,
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VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
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INSTRUCTION IN GERMAN.

This important language will be taught practically and thoroughly.

Business young men will be enabled to learn to speak it in a short time.

Ladies taught to converse, and made acquainted with the chief literary works.

Beginners, as well as those partially acquainted with the language, may join a class already formed, or compose a new one, as they may prefer.

FERDINAND MULLER,
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J. B. PITT, M. D.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presbyterian Church.
Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

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Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 3 P. M.

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SURVEYOR:
OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
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Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,
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Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

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All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.
Residence, Thomas street. Shop, State street, near Liberty.
BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

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SIGN-WRITING,
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Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, executes Repairs of **Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles** with neatness and dispatch.
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MERCHANT TAILOR,
Keeps, constantly on hand
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
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Jan. 23—1y

S. L. BEEKMAN,
PRACTICAL UPHOLSTERER.
Mattresses renovated, Lounges and Parlor Suits reupholstered and made to order, carpets laid, &c. &c., at reasonable rates.
RAILROAD AVE., UNDER RECORD OFFICE,
Near Depot, Bloomfield, N. J.

PEACE.

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
Forgive and forget, I say
That the true shall enjoy the delusion
Of the false till the dull of the day.

Ay, forgive as you would be forgiven;
Ay, forget, lest the ill you have done
Be remembered against you in Heaven
And all the days since the sun.

For who shall have bread with no labor?
And who shall have rest with no pain?
And who shall hold war with his neighbor
With a friend at peace with the Christ?

The years may lay hard upon Heaven;
May place and displace one to-day;
May stain them, as blood stains are dark
At sunset in beautiful bars.

May shroud them in black till they rest us
As clouds with their showers of tears;
May wind us in dust and dishonor,
May fill the years to the rim;

The precepts of Christ are the years of the soul
The truths by the Nazarene taught,
With the tramp of the ages to time them,
The deeds as the rhythm are wrought.

The doctrine of hate shall be trampled,
The law of love glorified,
The mighty shall fall to the nothings,
The meek shall inherit the world.

[illegible]
Of sin may take place, but the reign
Of Time and the truth of the ages
Both with them are one.

Go forth to the fields of your labor,
Sow seed by the wayside, the sea,
There is not a place nor a season
[illegible]
And the sun shall bless you in autumn,
The rain and the dew nurture you,
Then, sowers, you reapers, together
And all shall be ready but you.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Natural Slippers—Eels.

The rose metaphor—Bud-dy.

This is the corn—A good apple.

A loan that ought to be re-mained—A one-legged soldier.

When you are to make your will, of course do as the testator does.

Why is a minister near the end of his sermon like a jagged mobile? Because he's toward his close.

A New Hampshire paper speaks of the "idiots who are climbing the White Mountains to get a view of the cows pasturing in the meadows below."

Somebody asks why it is that theatres are seldom if ever struck by lightning, the solution of which conundrum is that every orchestra has a conductor.

If all Europe were to become a prison, America would still present a loophole of [illegible]

What more pitiful thing can a fast have, asks the N. Y. Mail, than the first face of an innocent girl with an undivided interest in evergreen boulevard loss?

A Western editor insisted that he wrote the word "trousseau" plain as a pikestaff in connection with certain bridal presents. The printer however soberly put it "trousers."

There is no object in nature which approaches in glory a peacock with its tail spread so nearly as a young lady with a new pony phaeton and a parasol on her whip handle.

Cincinnati is confident that it contains enough kerosene storehouses and whiskey distilleries to take the shine out of Chicago and Boston in the matter of great fires one of these days.

It is suggested that persons who go about with their Cashmere shawls turned inside out to show that they are genuine, should adopt the custom of walking on their heads, to show that their boots are soled.

A Colorado spring has such extraordinary virtues that the thinnest woman, after drinking its water for a few months, have no further occasion for padding of any sort. It is known as the anti-section and bustle spring.

That was a very touching incident—that of the little school girl who refused to sing the word clown as "a low vulgar fellow," and for her stubbornness was punished with the ferule and detained in play hours, all to no reformatory end. The little child's father proved to be a clown in a circus.

"I say, old boy," cried Paul Pry to an excavator whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. Paul was not to be put off in this fashion. "What are you going to do with the hole?" he asked—"Going to cut it up into small holes," rejoined the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate-posts."

I like to read about Moses best, in the Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits; a man must have courage to look at his life so, and think what'll come of it after he's dead and gone. A good, solid bit of work lasts; if it's only laying a floor down, somebody's the better for it's being done well, besides the man as does it.—*George Eliot.*

The head of an enormous lesson, put up over the bulletin board, at a certain railway office, attracts much attention. A good story is told in connection with the putting up of one of these boards in a Chicago hotel. The proprietors were grumpy fellows, and it was some time before the agent of the line could get permission to put it up. At last, however, he succeeded, and it was hung up in the office. Some wags belonging to the other roads, knowing the circumstances, determined to have it down. Accordingly that evening three of them walked into the office and asked, one for five pounds of beef-steak, another for some calf's liver, and the third for tripe. "This isn't a butcher's shop," shouted the irate landlord. "Oh, it isn't, eh?" said one of the wags; then you'd better take in your sign." Next morning the agent of the line got a note from the proprietor: "Come and take away your old bull head. I won't have it in the house."

GUELDEN'S LAST DRINK.

"I have traveled this road every day of my life, ever since it was laid, in charge of the San Francisco, the prettiest and best engine on the line. It was a southwestern road, running, as we will say, from A. to Z. At A. my mother lived; at Z. I had the sweetest little wife in the world, and a baby, the very image of its pa. I had always a dollar or two put by for a rainy day, and the boys spoke of me as an old kind of a man. To be shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, don't make a conscientious man talkative, and I never squandered my leisure spinning yarns and listening to railroad jokes in the Round House. My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her 'Joe.'

"I never belonged to any of the railway clubs or other organizations, and never should, if it hadn't been for Granby. Granby was a nephew of our division superintendent, and it's a failure with we men of the road that we like to be noticed by the fellows at head quarters, if only permitted to touch the hem of their garments. Granby was a showy fellow, and often rode with me from A. to Z. He had a good opinion of me, and, as far as I know, we were good friends. Once he said to me:

"'You ought to belong to the Railway Scientific Club, Guelden.'

"'Never heard of it,' said I.

"'We meet once a fortnight,' he replied, and have a jolly good time. We want practical, thinking men of your sort, and I'll propose you, if you like.'

"I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer don't have any nights or days to himself, and the club would have one evening a fortnight from Joe. I said:

"'I will ask Joe. If she likes it, yes.'

"'Ask whom?' he said.

"'Joe,' said I.

"'If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, "Can't spare you, my dear," and we should have no club at all,' said Granby.

"But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said:

"'I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it, they must be superior men.'

"So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the room. The real business of the evening did not know what effect wine would have on me, but coming to drink more of it than I had ever before at the club table, I found it put steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk, and after so many more, I did.

"I seemed like some body else, the words were so ready. My ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits and indulged in repartee, told stories and even came to puns. I heard somebody say, 'Granby, by George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first.' Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned Guelden, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

"I was sure of it when three months after I stumbled up stairs to find Joe waiting for me with her baby on her breast.

"'You've been deceiving,' said Joe: "I suspected it but wasn't sure. A Scientific Club couldn't smell like a bar-room.'

"'Which means that I do,' said I.

"'And look like one,' said Joe, as she locked herself and baby in the spare bedroom.

"One night I was dressed in my Sunday suit, ready to go to the club, when Joe stood before me.

"'Ned,' said she 'I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good and loving always; but I shall be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask what I mean—you know.

"'It's only club night,' said I.

"'It will grow,' said she.

"Then she put her arms around my neck.

"'Ned,' said she, 'do you think a thing so much like a bolted and strapped down demon as steam is, is fit to be put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week will be the same. I have often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people, must be, and you will know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessing all these years. Don't throw them away. Ned, if you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself.'

"My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"'Don't be afraid, child; I'll never pain you again.'

"And I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

"I couldn't get home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa and to leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain reel as it had never done before. In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his face. My heart seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled; I looked at my watch; I had only just five minutes to reach the depot.

"Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

"The San Francisco glistened in the sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-by, and promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"'Good-by, Kitty; good-by, Lou,' I heard him say; don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the best engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer. I would not be afraid to trust every mortal to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together.'

"I said, 'We'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again. After all, was easy enough. I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off.

"Five hours from A. to D.; five hours back again. I knew now that on the last run I should be myself again. I saw a flutter, and never guessed what it was until we had passed the down train at the wrong place. Two minutes more, and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me, and I laughed. I heard the shareholder respectfully:

"'Of course, Mr. Guelden, you know what you are about?'

"Then I was alone, and wondering whether I should go faster or slower. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard the question:

"'How many miles an hour are we making?' I didn't know.

"Rattle, rattle, rattle! I was trying now to slacken the speed of the San Francisco. I could not remember what I should do; was it this or that—faster or slower? I was playing with the engine like a child.

"Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash. I was flung somewhere. I was in the water. By a miracle I was sobered, not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's [illegible] were strewn around—men and women and children—old age and youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering 'Murderer.'

"The news had gone to A., and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place under the trees, and found five bodies lying there, all in their rigid horror, an old woman—a young one, a baby, and two tiny children. Was it fancy—was it pure fancy, born of my anguish? They looked like—Oh, Heaven! they were my wife and children, all cold and dead.

"How did they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands, I tore my hair, gazed in the good old face of her who gave me birth, on the lovely face of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer, There never could be—there never would be.

"*A whistle!* Great God! Onward up the track thundered another train. Its red eyes glared upon me; I threw myself before it; I felt it crush me to atoms.

* * * * *

"'His head is extremely hot,' said somebody.

"I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"'How do you feel?' said she; 'a little better?'

"I was so rejoiced and astonished by the sight of her that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"'I must be crushed to pieces,' said I, 'for the train went over me; but I feel no pain.'

"'There he goes about that train again,' said my wife.

"Why, I tried to move; there was something the matter with me. I was in my own room; opposite to me a crib in which my child was asleep. My wife and child were safe. Was I delirious, or what could it be?

"'Joe,' I cried, 'tell me what has happened.'

"'It's nine o'clock,' said Joe. 'You came home in such a state from the club that I could'nt wake you. You were'nt fit to manage steam, and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half way to A., I suppose, and you have been frightening me half to death with your dreadful talk.'

"And Joe began to cry.

"It was only a dream; only an awful dream. But I had lived through it as though it were a reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?' said I.

"'Are we heathens' asked Joe.

"'Give it to me this moment, Joe.'

"She brought it and I put my hand on it and took the oath (too solemn to be repeated here) that what happened should never occur again. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be, as it has so often been, 'The engineer was drunk.'"—*Romance and Humor of the Rail.*

A Ride for a Bride.

What tremendous achievement or sacrifice will not a man undertake to secure the wife from whom a year latter, he may be seeking a divorce? Surely it must very rarely be in the capacity of one character only to contain the dissolving element so soon effective against the union thus heroically inspiring. To the office of the county clerk in Salinas City, Pacificward, the other day, (says the *Local Index*), there drove up, with dust-stained team and wagon, a young man and a younger woman who desired a matrimonial license. They had come a distance of sixty miles, from beyond the San Benito, for this object; and when after the interrogatory formula, the official discovered that the maiden was under age, and hence could not be legally licensed to marry without the presence or written consent of her parents, the lover was strongly inclined to believe that we love on for an intolerable despotism. He assured the clerk that the parents fully consented to the issue; but this was not enough in law; he had no document to show for it and could not obtain his case. He saw at last that there was but one solution of his dilemma, the energetic young man took his embarrassed fair companion and half of his team to the hotel, and then, borrowing a saddle for the stouter of his two horses, set out at full gallop for the requisite paternal permit. In less than thirty-six hours later or at nightfall of the next day, he was back in town with said written instrument, duly worded and attested, having ridden the whole 120 miles without an hour's rest. Good man and good horse, both, necessary for such a gallop as that; yet the feat would have been achieved in even fewer hours had not the gallant horseman been lost in the mountains for a while during the first night of his ride for a bride. The next morning witnessed the wedding of the dreppy pair and their departure for the for the San Benito again; and if their married course does not run smooth for more than a year, there is certainly no guarantee of true love in a lover's chivalrous devotion, even before painstaking.

A Floating Cannon Ball.

In the pavilion of the Ministry of Agriculture, at Vienna, a floating cannon ball may be seen. Although weighing fifty pounds, it lies like a down feather on a silvery mass, consisting of pure quicksilver from the celebrated mines of Idria; 150 cwt. of this metal is exhibited in a large iron cauldron, offering a sight seldom met with, and on it rests the solid iron ball. It was interesting to observe the emptying of the quicksilver into its receptacle. The metal is very cleverly stowed away in bags of white sheep leather, specially prepared for the purpose, each containing fifty pounds of the mass, the bags being tightly bound round the top, and then put into small wooden barrels, carefully hunged up. Formerly, this liquid metal, which penetrates easily all porous substances, was transmitted in wrought iron bottles of very expensive make.

Paper Collars in Summer.

One of the saddest comings home is when the husband and father comes home to put on a paper collar. The last collar has resolved into pulpy rolls, and come up back of his ears or disappeared within the recesses of his hair. The shirt-band is moist and helpless, and inclined to roll under, carrying the back button with it. His neck is wet and slippery, and all the windows are down, and the door is drawn to. By the time he has found the back button and got the collar hitched to it, it seems as if the air was about to stifle him, and if he would suddenly melt and spoil the carpet. He sends up the windows with a snap, and kicks the blinds open with his foot, and brings that door back with a velocity that almost scares it. Then he goes to work to fasten one of the ends, and while he is at it, the back button-hole suddenly melts and dissolves. He tries another collar. Gets the back and one end fastened, commences work at the other end, and is about intoxicated with his success, when the first end suddenly collapses. He sits down a few moments before trying the third collar, and wishes he really knew if there is future punishment, and wonders where his wife is. Then he makes another trial, with similar results, and dashes out of the house, saying that if he had nothing more to do than gadding to the neighbors, he would make collars that her husband could wear. Fortunately, his wife is next door, learning a new crochet stitch, and does not hear him.

Modesty is to merit, as shades to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty.